



The Spirit of Public Service

When the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and the wagon roads blocked, our repairmen must keep the telephone highways open.

These men face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of public service animates the whole organization.

It is found not only in our linemen and repairmen, but even in the girls at the switchboard, who, on countless

occasions, have proved themselves heroines in times of emergency.

In response to the telephone needs of the public, this company has grown to be a large organization.

But mere size should not be considered a sin nor business success a crime.

A corporation that renders big service to the public must be big and prosperous or the public will suffer because of poor service and poor pay-rolls.

"Big Business" means big salaries—yes—but it also means big men, big brains, broad-minded policies, intelligent organization, proper supervision, and big service to the people. Big business, properly conducted and regulated, means better service to the public at less cost.

"We Advertise So That the People May Know."

NEBRASKA TELEPHONE COMPANY

LEGAL NOTICE
The unknown heirs of William Van Brocklin, the unknown heirs of Martin Van Brocklin, Howard G. Thompson and Mrs. Howard Thompson, first and real name unknown, defendants, implicated with others, will take notice that on the 15th day of August, 1914, Charles J. Gerken, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to quiet the title in the plaintiff as against the above defendants implicated with others upon the East one-half (E¹/₂) of the Southeast quarter (SE¹/₄) and the East one-half (E¹/₂) of the Northeast quarter (NE¹/₄) of Section thirty-two (32), Township eleven (11), Range twenty-nine (29), Lincoln County, Nebraska, who are claiming an interest in and to the above described premises by reason of a deed executed by George C. Beneway and wife to Van Brocklin Bros. & Company, composed of William Van Brocklin, J. H. Van Brocklin, Martin Van Brocklin and Howard G. Thompson. And are claiming that while said land was conveyed to the grantors of this plaintiff by said corporation, Van Brocklin Bros. & Company, that said William Van Brocklin, J. H. Van Brocklin, Martin Van Brocklin and Howard G. Thompson did not join in any conveyance, and that their interest in and to said land was never conveyed away. Whereas the plaintiffs allege that said land was conveyed to Van Brocklin Bros. & Company, a corporation, and that said William Van Brocklin, J. H. Van Brocklin and Howard G. Thompson were interested in and to said land except the interest in said corporation, and that said premises were conveyed by said corporation, and conveyed to the interest of said parties to the grantors of this plaintiff. And that said plaintiff has been in the object and prayer of exclusive possession under a claim of title to said premises for the last ten years prior to the commencement of this suit. And this plaintiff is praying for a decree that the above defendants be excluded from all right, title or interest in and to the above described premises.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of February, 1915.

Dated this 4th day of January, 1915.
CHARLES J. GERKEN, Plaintiff.
By WILCOX & HALLIGAN, His Attorneys
35-4w



Maxwell

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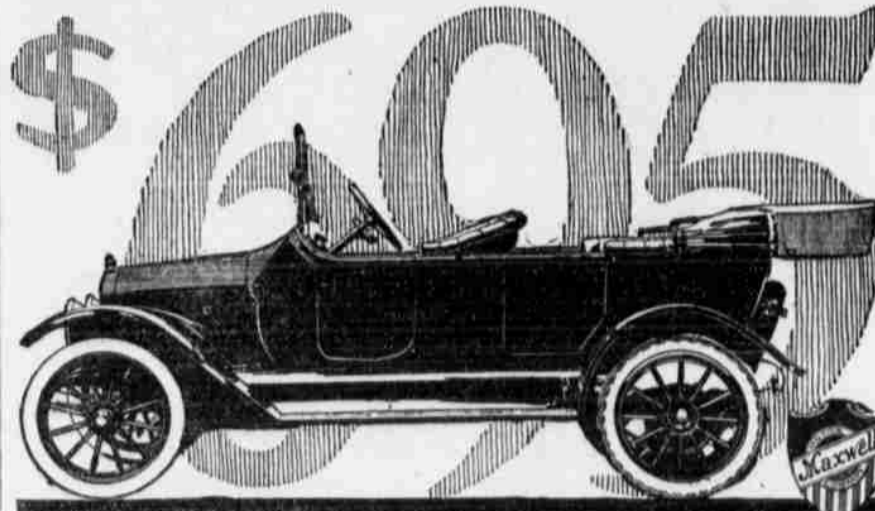
Here's the car that has all the features of a \$1,000 car, and
The New 1915 Model Has 17 New Features

Sims real high-tension magneto; sliding gear transmission; left-hand drive; center control, anti-skid tires on rear, and all high-priced car features. The easiest car in the world to drive.

A great big, handsome, powerful, swift-running REAL automobile. The greatest hill climber in the world.

The car that has set the whole country talking.

With electric starter and electric lights \$55 extra.
Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour



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LLOYD POWERS, Agent,
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17 New Features

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Special Attention Given to Gynecology
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Office McDonald State Bank Building,
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J. B. REDFIELD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Successor to
PHYSICIAN & SURGEONS HOSPITAL
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The Claimant

By EUNICE BLAKE

On the estate of Lucien Marivaud, in France, lived a poor man named Soubise and his wife, Marie, the couple having a little son, Francois. M. Marivaud had extensive vineyards, from the product of which he manufactured wine. Soubise had charge of the grape growing, and Marivaud not only valued his services highly, but was very fond of him. Soubise's wife died, and he soon followed her, leaving little Francois without a home.

M. Marivaud had a son, Victor, about Francois' age. When the latter was left an orphan he was taken to the chateau and became a playmate of Victor. There was a brother of Victor, Louis, much younger than either of these two boys.

When Victor was eighteen he entered the military school and became an army officer. Upon graduating he was ordered to join his regiment in Tonkin. Francois was anxious to see service and, enlisting in the same regiment, went out with Victor, who agreed to interest himself in his promotion that he might become an officer.

A year later after a fight Lieutenant Marivaud was reported missing. This meant that he had fallen into the hands of the Chinese, in which case it was quite likely that he had been murdered. When nothing was heard from him for several years he was given up by his family, and when his brother, Louis, came of age he inherited the family patrimony, his father having died without a will. M. Marivaud had purposely omitted to make one because he never ceased to hope that his son would one day turn out to be among the living.

Ten years after the departure of Victor Marivaud, when there was no member of the family living, Louis, who had for some time possessed and managed the wine business, became engaged to Hortense Villaret, the daughter of a neighbor. Villaret belonged to an aristocratic family, but the estate had been confiscated during one of the many changes in the sovereignty of France, and she was very poor. She and Louis were much in love with each other, and her father favored the match because Louis was wealthy and could enable Hortense to return to the style of living to which the family had formerly been accustomed.

All went happily for the lovers till a few weeks before the day set for the wedding. Then one day a man appeared at the chateau claiming to be Victor Marivaud. Louis was but twelve years old when his brother left home, and, granting that this man was Victor, he would not have remembered him. There was no other person at hand who had been familiar with Victor to identify him.

But the claimant was able to tell of many incidents that had happened on the estate, which went far to prove that he was what he claimed to be. He explained his long absence in this wise: During the fight in which he was reported missing he was knocked on the head by the butt of a musket in the hands of a Chinaman and stunned. When he came to himself he remembered nothing of the past, not even his name. The dead were lying about him; the wounded had been removed. He arose and walked till he came to a city, where he eventually entered the service of a French merchant. After passing through various vicissitudes he was taken suddenly ill and was removed to a hospital. After having been delirious on returning to his former condition he had exclaimed, "You rascally Chinaman, take that for yours!" But seeing a nurse before him instead of a Chinaman he appeared much surprised. He had returned to a normal state, remembering that he was Victor Marivaud.

His appearance was a terrible blow to the lovers, for, according to the French law of inheritance, Victor Marivaud was the owner of the estate, including the wine business. He told Louis so many things that had occurred during the latter's childhood that Louis became convinced that the stranger was his brother. Nevertheless it was not to be expected that he would be pleased to see a brother of whom he had no remembrance and who would dispossess him of his property. But the severest blow was that M. Villaret immediately withdrew his consent to his daughter's marriage unless it could be proved that the claimant was an impostor.

There was an old blind woman living on the place, who, on hearing of the claimant, desired that he be brought to her. She asked him a few questions, which seemed to trouble him, though he answered them correctly. Then the old woman directed that he be uncovered to the waist. This was done, and her hand was guided to his chest. She slid her hand around to his side under his right arm, and it rested on a small lump the size of a pea.

"This is Francois Soubise," she said. "I lived with his mother when he was a little boy and often dressed and undressed him. I know him by this lump."

That ended the pretense.

Louis Marivaud after this attempt to impose on him went to Tonkin and made a search for his brother, Victor. But, although he spent much time on the matter, he failed to obtain any information whatever. Victor never returned.

Incidental Music.
One of the most tiresome, not to say exasperating, traditions of the theater is incidental music—particularly the music that is presumably intended to accentuate dialogue. It has been a conviction of mine that the expedient is a confession of actor weakness. No actor worthy of the name needs that kind of help. Some of you graybeards bark back to Edwin Booth and try to imagine him in the fourth act of "Hamlet," for example, delivering the soliloquy of Romeo speech in unison with the performers in the orchestra.

One difference between theatrical performances in Germany and those in America is in this very incidental music. In our country every actor who holds a prominent position in the play in hand must have music to bring him on the stage and more music to take him off. The music cue is rudimentarily overworked. Many plays are made intelligible by the intrusion of meaningless music simultaneously with lines that nobody could catch. —Detroit Free Press.

Army of Ancient Rome.
Consider the Roman army from the fifth century B. C. onward until the division of the empire. Its fighting organization was as complete as and possibly more practical than that of any army of today. It was based on a territorial system which maintained the comradeship of locality without bringing it into antagonism with that of the corps, for each of the thirty-five Roman "tribes" was required to furnish to each legion four "centuries" of 120 men each, each of which worked together as a local unit. The legion was divided into five cohorts or battalions, of which three were troops of the line, two were a kind of militia and the fifth was a depot battalion. For almost eight centuries the army thus constituted not only conquered the then known world, but acted as explorers beyond its limits and at the same time made and unmade kings and emperors in Rome itself.—London Opinion.

Polar Nights Delight Eskimos.
The polar Eskimos, the most northerly dwelling people in the world, are said to exist only by the exercise of great ingenuity and the practice of social virtue. The cheeriness, kindness and practical socialism of the Eskimos from eastern Greenland to Alaska may be explained as much due to their environment as to the necessity of eating large quantities of fat. The Eskimos had the first dark evenings with the same glee as the first daylight after the polar night. When a whole summer through the eyes have been bathed in light, day and night, they long to see the land vanish into darkness again. And with the idea of a change they associate all the good things the winter will bring—the frozen sea and the hunting on the ice, the swift sledge drives, far from the sweltering houses, after bears.—Exchange.

Thrift Versus Stinginess.
It ought to be easy to tell the difference between thrift and stinginess. But many folk don't know it. No tightwad does. A thrifty man is at ways a liberal man, though not a wasteful one. When he spends a dollar his face doesn't show spasms of pain nor does he tremble with avarice until his dollar returns, leading another dollar of profit. He spends intelligently and therefore willingly, and is content to await the outcome, because he knows that in the long run he will get back from society about in proportion as he gives. As with individuals so with communities, states and nations. Economy doesn't mean parsimonious. It means when and how to be liberal. It means having foresight.—Cleveland Press.

His Superiority.
A mission worker tells how shocked he was to encounter this bit of cynicism in the slums. The conversation was between two women whose marital life had not been particularly felicitous.

"Well," said one of them, "of course we have our troubles with all of 'em. But I'll say this for my second husband—he's better than any first. He's in jail so much that practically all I earn I has for myself." —Lippincott's.

Lundy Island.
Lundy Island, at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, has a queer record. It was owned in the eighteenth century by a Barnstable man, who contracted to ship convicts to Virginia, but only took them to the island, where he profitably employed them even in smuggling to the mainland.

Ministerial Aspirants.
Statistics show that in the early days of American colleges about one-half of all the graduates adopted the ministry as a profession. At the present time it is different; only about 5 per cent of the college graduates become ministers.

In Business.
Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality and dispatch are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort.—Samuel Smiles.

The Periscope.
The periscope, by which a submerged submarine is steered, is a kind of tube with mirrors in it whereby what is happening on the surface is reflected below.

An Explained Dislike.
The first lord of the admiralty sighed "I do not like submarines," he muttered, and then he added, "for divers reasons." —Philadelphia Ledger.

A Belgian War Romance

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

One quiet evening in the summer of 1913 a pair of young lovers stood on a bridge that crossed the river Lys, in Belgium. They were there for a parting. The young man was to leave for the coast early the next morning and thence for America. Nothing could be more peaceful than the scene about them. A young moon stood in the west. If an occasional breeze stirred the leaves on the trees they were stirred lightly. As for sound, there was only a slight gurgle beneath them as the current passed the abutment of the bridge.

"Mina," said the young man, "cheer up. It will not be long before in America I shall have saved enough money to send for you. That we may have a definite time to be reunited I promise you that one year from today, if not before, you shall receive the passage money to bring you to me."

"And I, Hans, will work and save so that if you do not succeed in gaining enough to send for me I may have enough for the journey."

When the year had passed a great change had come over Belgium. The Germans were pouring into the country from the east, the French from the south. Wilhelmina had received letters from her lover in New York that money would be sent her for her passage, but before it was dispatched the war had stopped the mails.

On the anniversary of their parting, at evening, Wilhelmina went to the bridge on which they had stood a year before. It was now a ruin, more than half of it having been destroyed. Here and there across the fields were flashes, followed by a distant roar of guns, while searchlights sent their columns of light across the sky like the tails of nearby comets.

What should she do? Her home had been that day in the line of fire and was a ruin. Before leaving it she had snatched up her savings, and these she had with her. Standing there in the identical spot where she had stood in quiet with her lover, she resolved to go to him if possible.

There was no way of announcing her coming beforehand. She had neither writing materials nor a way to send a letter. Indeed, it was doubtful if even she could break through the line of war to reach the coast. And if she arrived at a port would she find a vessel? Nevertheless she turned her face toward Holland and set off in the darkness.

Her adventures are a long story by itself. Fortune favoring, she reached Rotterdam in safety and there found that she had the means to buy a steerage ticket on an outgoing steamer to New York.

On the arrival of the vessel the emigrants were landed at Ellis Island, and Wilhelmina among others was brought before the emigration commissioners. There she was asked how she would be provided for in America, and when she said that she had no money she was told that she would be sent back to Holland.

Her modesty, the consciousness that she was coming to marry a man without a special bidding, had caused her to conceal what she expected. Besides, suppose Hans had changed! But the prospect of being sent back to a land running in blood, where even the little home in which she had been born and always lived had been leveled, overcame her reticence, and she told a love story that no pen, however inspired, could put on paper.

"Hans must be found!"

Such were the instructions given to a messenger, who departed on his errand.

There is a committee of Belgians in New York whose purpose it is to look after their incoming fellow countrymen. The head of the committee was found, and he in turn started a hunt for Hans.

Ever since the war had broken out Hans had been anxious about his Wilhelmina. He had not dared to send her his savings for fear they would be lost. Indeed, one of the troubles brought on by the war was the inability to send funds to Europe. He had written her, but without expectation that she would receive his letters. As to receiving letters from her, he had no faith in that either.

Hans was at work one afternoon when a fellow workman came to him and told him that the boss wished to see him in the office. Hans laid down his tools and reported as directed. He found beside the boss a man, who asked him:

"Are you Hans Wichtel?"
"I am."
"There is a girl on Ellis Island who came over from Belgium. She says you will marry her?"
"Mina?"
"She says her name is Wilhelmina."
"Marry her? Of course I will marry her. Where can I find her?"

Hans wished to go at once to Ellis Island, but suddenly remembering that a man in overalls was not in wedding costume tidied himself up, then set off to join his sweetheart.

If the authorities had any doubt about Wilhelmina's story it was dispelled by the fervent embrace of the lovers. But Uncle Sam's emigrant officials take no man's promise of marriage, and there are no branches of promise in his large family. A man went with the couple to the city hall in New York, where a license was procured. Then the pair went to the office of the Belgian committee, where the marriage ceremony was performed.